

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 342 BROADWAY—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. IV.—NO. 11.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1855.

WHOLE NO. 167.

The Principles of Nature.

THE SPIRITUAL ELEMENT

IN HISTORY AND CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY REV. T. L. HARRIS.

I purpose to occupy the time allotted to me through your courtesy to-night, in presenting some brief statements concerning the Spiritual Element in Man—its past developments and present manifestations.

Man thinks invariably according to his state, modified however, for the most part, by his social relations, by ecclesiastical influence, by physical conditions, and by dominant spiritual spheres that prevail and operate upon his nation and his age. From the deep interior of the human spirit, where ideas are engendered from the Invisible, the Supernatural and the Infinite, they are projected through interior organs into consciousness, and thence through external organs into speech. Seldom are man's uttered thoughts more than the shadows of the first begotten idea, the archetypal or primitive form of truth being veiled as it descends into external utterance. Happy indeed shall I be if I succeed in giving orderly form to the ideas of truth that I aim to utter.

Absolutely considered, there is but one thinker in the universe—God! He is the fount of wisdom, and all our ideas are more or less the repetitions and reflections of his infinite cognitions. I attribute to God successions of ideas, because I see them. You my hearers—each man in this wide world—each angel or spirit in all yon cosmic or heavenly immensities, is a thought, an idea of God, which he has clothed with visible form and projected with ultimates. In a lesser degree and in a lower sense, the earths and the heavens are the thoughts of God; and so it is written, "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly visible by the things which are seen and made."

Man is, or may be through internal harmony and elevation, conscious of two separate and eternally opposite wonders; conscious through his outer faculties of the universe of finite and created forms; conscious also of the All creative and Infinite Spirit. We see or are blind to the Infinite according to our state. If the logical faculties are exercised upon material objects alone; if the sublime powers of the moral reason are dormant; if the eye of the spirit be closed and its ear barred, and its touch made insensitive through self-love, or personal pride, or sensuous excess—then we may fail to see the Infinite. But if the intense ardors of pure devotion to love and duty and the right have filled and fired the consciousness; if we have begun to think and plan, not from the baneful incentives of self-love, but from the inspirations of an unbounded humanity; if, above all, we have learned the secret of that blessed life that consists in sweet and tender ministries to all our race, not as a painful labor but as a living joy—then, as the divine and everlasting life pervades and dignifies our own, God is revealed to us, and we realize that we dwell and walk with Him. As our life inclines from God and becomes immersed in the corporeal and sensuous, we defy Nature. As our life inclines toward God, we arise above the sphere of idolatry and worship Him. As our real essential being is unfolded, we think less and less from the finite, and more and more from the divine. So we begin to realize that all that we hear, see, feel, taste, touch, handle with these senses of the body is, like it, a veil, a garment, "of such stuff as dreams are made of." We are delivered from the bondage of the finite. We feel that Nature is finite, but God infinite; Nature ephemeral, but God eternal.

So dies out the gross idolatry of the natural understanding. Our faith, enlarged and purified, is centered in the Infinite. Then Nature itself is transfigured before our sight, and is made apparent to us as a fluent medium for the operations of the Divine. In star and flower; in the miracles of the seasons and of the year; of birth and resurrection; in the vast formative, reproductive and transforming movements of the universe, we perceive the silent pressure of creative power, the droppings of Divine Ideas into forms and colors—into speech and action. Nature is the soliloquy of God; and in the fields of ether thickly sown with stars as in the fields of earth mantled with constellated bloom, in fairest galaxies of human souls gathered on earth or in the happy skies, we see the ultimates of his benignant thought, the resultant meditations of the Infinite.

Man is more than a natural being. The form may come up from earth as the result of all material operations, the rich product of the alchemy of matter; but the soul comes down from God, and here the two meet, coalesce and are transfused, and the result is personality and self-consciousness. And so sings the greatest of all philosophical poets:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting—
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

Matter's last gradation is lost in the refined particles of the outer form of man. We see more, hear more, receive more, realize and enjoy more than the finite. We see, hear, feel and realize the Infinite. Surely as the flower opens its corolla to the splendor of morning, and stands transfigured in the radiance of

all-pervading day, so surely the human spirit opens the corolla of intellect, puts forth the many-tinted blossoms of the affections in the ennobling luster of Deity. Surely as the natural sun gilds vale and mountain and bathes the world in the billows of its light and heat, so surely the Infinite Personality, the Creative Spirit from whom all thoughts diverge, and in whom all affections have their well-spring, bathes each finite mind—the universe of finite minds—in light and heat, in the light that is wisdom, in the intense order that is love. For God is wisdom itself as to his intelligence, and love itself according to his infinite existence; and that love and wisdom stream forth in one continuous operation, encircling, inter-pervading and unfolding all things that are created.

There is visible to us through outer senses a natural light and heat. We trace it to the sun. Without it, nature is dead. Where it most abundantly falls and most harmoniously operates the skies are brightest, the flowers are sweetest and loveliest, the fruits are richest and most abundant, and all living things, in strength and beauty, in melody of utterance and intensity of enjoyment, move forth like incarnations of its ray. That sun which warms and lights the visible creation is the natural type of Deity. What the sun is to the world, God is to the human spirit. There is a thought-light and a love-light; there is a brightness that fires the lamp of intellect and kindles the eternal flame of virtue; there is a beam that falls upon the germs of understanding and unfolds the latent powers of rationality; and I call that light the radiation of God's own intellect, and that quickening ray the fire of God's own heart. There is a finite heat and light from the sun which make visible to the senses the things of the finite; and so there is an infinite heat and light proceeding from God, which make apparent to the human spirit the things of the infinite.

All natural forms receive and radiate the solar ray. So all spiritual forms receive and radiate the quickening influence of Deity. I am far from asserting the cold dogmas of Pantheistic philosophy or naturalistic speculation. To me creation is finite, God infinite—God not alone in all and through all, but over all and before all. But God is not afar off—not a receding star, dimly visible through the telescope of history, and twinkling far and dim from the hollow gulf of vanished ages. He is the God of the Living, and the Living God! In him we live and move, and have our being, and we, according to purity of intellect, are lamps and mirrors of his infinite eternal brightness. Every human mind gives off a light of reason according to its state. We walk, if just and valiant for truth, ennobled in spiritual lusters. We radiate a moral heat, and move as the world moves, exalting and distributing the aroral warmth of a benignant affection.

Light and darkness, heat and cold, summer and winter, are human attributes, as well as natural phenomena. The loving heart, like a glowing summer-orn, is visible, endowed with the ripe fruits of disinterestedness; and all glowing forms and happy voices of serene affection adorn and fill with melody its Eden groves. But the heart frozen with self-love, is like some arctic world where death reigns in icy halls and barren solitudes of winter and despair. There is a light in true wisdom and a splendor in living virtue that outshines the zenith, and "they who are wise do shine as the firmament, and they who turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." There is a real light that comes from God and that makes the godlike man to walk encompassed by a visible radiation. Were these outward and natural bodies to be torn away, were each spirit here to lift his clay visor and drop his dusty mantle and reveal his real face, his real form, the degrees of glory that would radiate from each immortal countenance and clothe each deathless organism, would be according to the moral transparency of each separate intellect, the justness and integrity of each individual heart.

Ye wave and blossom, O flowers! Ye shine and move, O firmamental hosts! enfolded in the brightness of the sun of nature. And ye, O sphere, revolving galaxies of spirits, ye wave and ye blossom, ye shine in the great light of God! Surely as there is a natural body and a spiritual body, so surely there is a natural light for the one, and a spiritual light for the other. All natural objects point to the sun and say, "Not mine is this light, heat, fragrance, melody that seemeth mine. The world itself, so cold and dead in its sunless regions, so warm, living, eloquent in its sunfilled and happy realms, bids us own the truth that creation does not proceed from the self-developing powers of the natural and finite form. And so, the wide world over, the human spirit, unspoiled through the sophisms of a vicious external culture, seems spontaneously and reverently to own the presence and the operation of the Sex of LIFE. Men feel, more deeply than they can ever express, that all creation is the result of the Infinite Love. Scared and shattered as it is—scarred with sins, shattered with tribulations and iniquities—it is an orb of worshippers, this world of ours;—this world of human hearts dying for love, and in the great faith of love seeking the beloved in the still realms of death.

There is therefore a two-fold brightness, a two-fold heat that irradiates and quickens the world we live in. There is first a finite influence streaming from the sun, building up and arching over the great temple of the day, laying its beams in the clouds, and building its pavilions in the heavens and the earth, and the waters that are under the earth. And this natural heat and light is a mediatorial element, wherethrough the Divine Love and Wisdom operate in material ultimates. More than this, there is

a spiritual light and heat that proceeds from the divine. It builds up the fabric of the spiritual body, and shines with the light of reason in the still chambers of the brain. The will feels it, and responds to its intense activity. The heart feels it, and responds in all the many octaves of its loves to the rhythmic pulse-beats of its influence. Man dwells here with types and shadows, and these are the visible things of Nature. Man dwells here with thoughts of true wisdom and affections of eternal love, the unheard, but ever felt and evidenced realities of God. And we live in the midst of a double process of creation. New earths and heavens are being fashioned about us forever. There is a new earth each year, a new creation of fruits and flowers, and living and moving things, beginning with spring-tide germination, and closing with autumnal fruition. There is a new heaven as well. Myriads of angelic forms are unfolded into moral and intellectual consciousness through these fleshly organisms, and then the scaffolding falls, that the temple may appear. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands." Outwardly we see the miracle of a new unfolding world, and the roses and violets, the pomegranates and oleanders that put forth to-day are as really the work of God as their progenitors in Eden. But in human hearts and bosoms, in the stately goings forth of reason and imagination, in the pictured memory, in the templed conscience, in the sacerdotal halls of judgment, in the love-lit chambers of affection, in the massive fortresses of integrity and honor, in the holy solitudes and silences of the moral will, in the wide realms of the perceptions, in the peopled skies of the interior and immortal lives, in fine, in whatever goes to make up the personality of man, in the orderly progress and processes of a well-ordered and godly life, there is proceeding from day to day the creation of an heavenly world, a living form of goodness and of truth, that shall be filled at last "with the very fullness of God."

I have said that this two-fold work is continually going on. We see the one, we feel the other. We watch the procession of the seasons, and behold each year the new creation of bloom and melody. We watch, too, the moral seasons, the seasons of the immortal year, and we perceive the human form developing by degrees the rational, the spiritual, the celestial. We see the child become the man; we see the man, purified through loving uses, become the radiant, undying angel. This two-fold work has necessarily been advancing upon our planet in the one case, since the introduction of natural, in the other since the introduction of human life. And as certainly as every floral, mineral, or animal form is a natural, so every human form is a spiritual manifestation. All creation is the outbirth of Spirit. The flowers, birds, animals; the grassy slopes, beautiful with aroral chalices of fairest form; the golden petaled flower of the firmament; the crystal water-drops of river and ocean; that vast Niagara of stars and suns pouring everlastingly into the gulfs of space, and opening into mild seas of wonder and of bliss—all these are precipitations of thought; as if God looked into the mirror of immensity, and pictured his meditations there in their own surpassing forms of glory and of joy. But while God has made Nature the finite picture and dream-landscape of his meditations, he has made man the image and likeness of himself. The wonder that surpasses all others is man. He is in his harmonic and real form the very utterance and outbirth of the Infinite. Nature is poetry, but man, after God, the poet. Nature is art, but man, after God, the artist. Nature is the revolving orb, but man, after God, the centre of its disc of suns and its periphery of stars. As man is delivered from the matrix of nature, and enters into the realities made visible through love, through the moral understanding and the illumined consciousness, he is by degrees intromitted into the world of ideas of which nature is but the reflex and the correspondence. The Infinite is the real abiding place of man. It is only as man arises into the sphere of the Infinite, that he comprehends the life that is, or that which is to come. Until men sank so low into corporeal habits and proclivities that they lost their own proper human self-consciousness, they never doubted the grand fact of intercourse between the spirit and its kindred, free from the husks of the body, and dwelling in the happy skies.

And now, proceeding to the application of this train of remark, as bearing directly upon the mooted point of present thought, the genuineness of these phenomena which we agree to recognize as spiritual, I observe first that all those spiritual phenomena which the skeptics of to-day deny, are necessitated, and grow out of the spiritual nature and relations of man. If I am asked when and where spiritual manifestations began upon this orb, my reply is, "They are coeval and coextensive with the human race."

The question which underlies the discussions of our time is this, "Can man, by virtue of his nature and its organs, hold communication with purely spiritual realities and entities, unclothed with material externals?" Now the common sense of all ages has answered this question affirmatively. It has answered it affirmatively by three grand admissions—the reality of prayer, which is the intercourse of the soul with God; the genuineness of revelation, which is the orderly form of divine truth flowing down from heaven through public mediums, set apart by Divine Providence for the end of heavenly disclosures; the truthfulness of spiritual impressions which are produced by the direct operation of spirits or angels, or of the Divine Mind.

As concerns the method whereby the invisible and spiritual sphere descends into communication with man, that same his-

torical common sense of the race has admitted three distinct processes of heavenly manifestation—the inspiration of the rational faculties by means of an operation of heavenly truth—the enlargement, purification and ascension of the affectional faculties through operation of divine and celestial love—the elevation and quickening of the sensational organism by means of a divine operation, and the unfolding of a discrete degree of senses above the natural thereby.

As relates to the things revealed or made known to man through these varied yet related processes, when we come to sift the sands of history for the golden grains of ancient knowledge and opinion, we find three great degrees of apparent truth discernable, with more or less of clearness and precision. The existence, personality and attributes of God is the central point of all disclosure. Even in the wilderness of classic fable, in the labyrinth of Indian cosmogony and theosophy, in the hieroglyphic structures of Egyptian myth and allegory, we see the same great central truth, clothed in a varied language, hidden in a diversified symbolism, made known with a superior or inferior luster of statement, according to the states of the peoples by whom such revelation was discerned. Through all the most ancient religions there is more or less of a divine projection and appearance, a shining forth of the Infinite Personality. The heathenism of the ancients, with all its monstrous forms of polytheistic superstition, was not an original development of the spiritual sphere, but the distorted, fragmentary, half-remembered recollection of a past faith of the world's dim remembered morning when God the Father was benignantly visible to man the child. Grouped around this central truth of the Divine Personality, we find that ancient spiritual manifestations indicated the existence of universes of human spirits, peopling the immeasurable empires of creation, inheriting into the divine attributes, and unfolding in glorious appearances of the human form. Out from the bosom of all the past shines forth that sacred truth—the immortality of the soul. Yea, all the past is as a Jacob's ladder, and on the shining rounds of all its revelations we behold the heavenly humanity ascending and descending in blessed ministries above the slumbering humanity of earth reposing in its youthful dreams below. The third degree of ancient Spiritualism referred to the existence of an objective spiritual world. And mark, if you will, how wonderfully true to the clearest philosophy of our time are the dimmest even of ancient spiritual hints and suggestions. The heavenly harmonies of past religions, the ideal realms of the beatified, are the projections and the correspondences of celestial beatitudes of love inspired within. And so the monstrous and terrific forms of outward dissonance, the Plutonian terrors, the abysmal Tartarean glooms, are the shadows, "the gorgons and chimeras dire" of lusts and depravities that pertain to perverted conditions of the understanding and the will. Heaven, as visible to ancient seers, was a lovelier and purer earth, whose landscapes unrolled in the luster of the sun of wisdom and of love. It was a domain of floral and mineral and faunal creations, inspired in spiritual substances, and typifying ineffable truths and infinite affections. The nations of them that were saved walked in the light of it. And they needed no candle, neither the light of the sun, for the Lord was their everlasting light. There blossomed the trees of life beside the crystal waters. These palaces of immortal art, consecrated to the infinite and perfect beauty, arose on the dawn-lit hills and wide savannas of the day. There a beatified and glorified humanity unfolded its fraternal empires and reared its everlasting seats. There disease and discord and suffering were never known. There death was swallowed up in victory. They saw, as through a glass darkly, those ancient seers, according to their degrees of interior illumination and spiritual harmony. Yet, nevertheless, they walked in a light that was not of this earth, that arose in its infinite luster in the deep and inner soul, and shown with undiminished ray when the failing senses of the outward perished. And this is the note-worthy fact about these true seers of the past,—they never sought to supply the place of Deity, or to interpose themselves between the human spirit and the heavenly life. They never arrogated to themselves a monopoly of revelation. It was their life-effort to produce in all men so far as possible a similar condition to their own, to lead them into that heavenly harmony of disposition that should result in the illumination of consciousness from the Eternal Infinite. And clear and loud, above the discords and wailings of their times, arose and still reverberates their lofty prophecy of triumph, for they saw that all men should finally attain to the very fullness of the mediatorial condition, and earth be consecrated in all its empires to the kingdom of God in man. They sought to lead men toward the kingdom of heaven by teaching them to observe those laws upon which depends man's orderly development into the mediatorial state.

Beautiful are their feet upon the mountains of the past, those harbingers of new-found paradise, for they bring good tidings and they publish peace. Great as was their mission to their own time, to us it is equally sacred. Translated from national to universal uses, their utterances, so imperfectly understood by their barbaric contemporaries, are to us a fount of copious instruction, as the era that they beheld in vision approximates to fulfillment, and the heavens and the earth alike bear witness to the advent of the MEDIATORIAL AGE.

And here, in conclusion, observe how the past blooms again in the present, how the spiritual manifestations of ages gone reappear in the phenomena of the present day. As then so now, the spiritual flows down through the gracious opening and regeneration of the human affections, through the purification

and enlargement of the human understanding, through the exaltation of the senses into the discrete degree above the natural for the orderly perception and disclosure of the heavenly and eternal world. Mistakes occur incidental to the partial development and unbalanced condition of the organic forms. Falsities and crudities of statement doubtless are transmitted from crude and beclouded minds in the world of spirits. Truthful inspirations are but imperfectly rendered, by reason of the incompetency of our mediatorial faculties in their germinating state. Yet, with all drawbacks, how grand is the unfolding of the higher life, how sublime are the intimations that are afforded of the celestial and eternal sphere! The heavens, once translucent to the fathers, have not become opaque and sepulchral to their latest children. The heart of man, once the vibrant harp that woke to the blessed melody of love when angel fingers swept its chorded octaves, has not become the tuneless and the silent shell of an extinct and unreturning harmony. The human reason, that, once illumined by fire from heaven, grew eloquent of God and duty and eternal life, has not forgotten to break forth into inspired and solemn utterance, ebullient from the undying and beatified hosts. The senses of man, the nervous organism of the spirit, that once responded to every touch and pressure of the Infinite in all its quivering nerves, has not become the mere servant and menial of corporeal desires. Still do the senses thrill to the touch of the immortal! Still does the vision kindle to the splendors of the angelic hosts! Still does the hand respond to the hand, and the eye to eye, and face answers to face, while spirits of the loved and departed look out from the luminous veil of ether with the old familiar smile! How blooms the amaranth and the asphodel over all the icy peaks and wintry solitudes of death! How dawns the upper day upon the night of bereavement and of loss! What sudden splendors irradiate the dying bed while the departing ray, "mid solemn and triumphant music, utterances of attending angels, to the glories of a visible immortality! How, too, does the human intellect once more assert its sovereignty over finite and visible things, the phenomena of the visible universe, and rise in heavenly contemplations to the sea of crystal and the rainbow-circled throne! And how does the deep heart of man, so long thrilled and prisoned, so long tortured and despairing, during all the dark era of materialism and fatalism and self-love,—how does the human heart once more feel the circulations of the Father-life, and respond in gentlest music to the pulses of the Eternal love! Thanks be to God that we have lived to see this day, while the Old Age of the old world departs, trailing his battle-robe, dyed in blood, to the tomb of oblivion, and the New Age of the peaceful and harmonic future dawns on us here in this virgin continent, "Earth's mightiest empire and its last!"

PLINY'S LETTER TO SURA.

The following letter of Pliny the younger to his friend Sura, was written more than seventeen hundred years ago. In view of the relations which the facts therein detailed bear to the spiritual phenomena, so conspicuous at this day, we are induced to give it to our readers entire, especially as otherwise it might be inaccessible to most of them. The first account is remarkable, not only for the beautiful spiritual appearance and accurate prophecy which it details, but as countenancing in some degree the idea of guardian spirits (or tutelar divinities, as they were called by the ancient heathens) presiding over the interests of cities and countries. The second, occurring as it did at that remote period, and forgotten by almost all the world, is remarkable for the analogy which it bears to the many phenomena of "haunted houses," so called, which, in more modern times, have, with the same general features, occurred in different countries and among different classes of people, regardless of the previous beliefs or disbeliefs of those who witnessed them. The fact that occurrences thus manifestly co-related, and by their analogies mutually confirmatory, have been occasionally forcing themselves upon human attention for so many ages, and under so great a variety of circumstances, must, in all candid minds, go far to redeem them from any imputed and necessary connection with superstition and credulity, and to place them in the category of outstanding realities. It would seem, indeed, strange that the maned ghost which appeared to Athenodorus, was kept from his rest by no other cause than having been denied the customary rites of sepulture; but if numerous concurrent and respectable testimonies may be credited, it would appear that many other Spirits have, for a long time after separation from the body, been dissatisfied from a similar cause. Whether this is owing to a mere fancy on their part, or to some mysterious magnetic connections, is of course impossible for us to tell. But to the letter:

The present recess from business we are now enjoying, affords you leisure to give me to receive instruction. I am exceedingly desirous, therefore, to know your sentiments concerning specters, whether you believe they have a real form, and are a sort of divinities, or only the false impressions of a terrified imagination. What particularly inclines me to give credit to their existence, is a story which I heard from Curtius Rufus. When he was in low circumstances, and unknown to the world, he attended the governor of Africa into that province. One evening as he was walking in the public portico, he was extremely surprised with the figure of a woman, which appeared to him of a size and beauty more than human. She told him she was the tutelar power that presided over Africa, and was come to inform him of the further events of his life; that he should go back to

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1855.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"THE LILY."—In our paper of the date of June 30th, the reader will find a very beautiful poem entitled as above, for which our thanks are due to Miss Belle Bush, already widely known through her graceful contributions to the Philadelphia periodicals. If Miss B. has any more flowers to give away, and especially if they have the beauty and freshness of this fair "Lily," we need not say how happy we should be to receive them.

"E. L. R." will also accept our thanks; she will perceive that we have acted from her suggestion.

JOHN SPENCER, of some place (the letter does not specify his whereabouts) sends us two dollars, for what purpose we know not. Does Mr. Spencer want the TELEGRAPH, and if so, where is he?

TELLING THE TRUTH ACCIDENTALLY.

When we published the "Lyric of the Morning Land," an exquisite poem of five thousand lines, *improvised by Spirits in some thirty hours, and spoken by Rev. T. L. Harris*, we sent copies to the principal secular journals in all parts of the United States, hoping that they would at least announce the appearance of the work, and pass an honest judgment respecting its real merits. Comparatively few of them noticed it at all; and those who did, with rare exceptions, spoke with more caution than discrimination. Very few had strength enough to tell the truth without neutralizing its force with copious milk and water qualifications, and so it was not discovered that the poem possessed any particular merits, save and except that it was "printed on fine paper, and issued in the publishers' best style."

Among the few who have ventured an honest opinion, the Cincinnati *Weekly Times* demands our special notice, though we cannot well decide how far the editor's sense of justice and his appreciation of poetry are dependent on his ignorance of an important fact. Let us explain. Some time since Mr. S. Leavitt reviewed the "Lyric of the Morning Land" in some public journal, making several extracts from the poem, since which, through the careless blundering of the press, Mr. Leavitt has become the reputed author, and the spiritual claims of the Lyric are lost sight of by those who never had any disposition to perceive them. Some of those same extracts are now going the rounds of the secular papers, and are highly complimented. How ignorance brings out and displays these intrinsic charms! If the Spirits and Mr. Harris will only keep out of sight, other papers will speak the truth as freely as the *Times* has done, and we shall be obliged to publish the third edition of the book some time before we expected—possibly before our cotemporaries have had time to discover how much the honesty of a portion of the American press depends on the ignorance of its conductors. The subjoined extract from Mr. Harris' "Morning Land," is not the only one that the Cincinnati *Weekly Times* has published and credited to his reviewer:

SONG OF THE VIOLET.

BY S. LEAVITT.

"From the 'Lyric of Mr. Leavitt's' 'Lyric of the Morning Land,' the mind reverts so much to 'Queen Mab,' that one cannot help thinking that the poetic mantle of the renowned Shelley hath truly fallen upon Mr. Leavitt's shoulders.

There came a fairy blue, and sang:
O, maiden dear, attend, attend!
When first on earth the violet sprang,
Each earthly maid had fairy friend.
Who whisper'd in her ear by night—
Sing, heart, my heart the mellow lay—
And so the violet grew more bright
Within her eyes from day to day.

Wake, fairies, wake from field and glen,
Wake, fairies, on your azure steep.
For ye shall throng to earth again,
And sing to maidens in their sleep.

When we have asserted the fact that Mr. Harris in some of his brilliant effusions was really inspired by the immortal Shelley, secular journalists have been incredulous and captious, if they did not treat the statement with undisguised contempt; but where the real claims of the Lyric to a genuine spiritual origin are unknown or forgotten, the critics are straightway reminded of "Queen Mab," and "can not help thinking that the poetic mantle of the renowned Shelley hath truly fallen on the author's shoulders."

We opine that the future involves some interesting disclosures. We happen to know that many books, composed and written by the agency of Spirits, are being published elsewhere, and highly commended by religious and secular journalists, who know nothing respecting the manner of their origination. We shall have an interesting chapter one day; in the mean time editors and critics had better be fair, and tell the whole truth where the claims of the Spirits are concerned. Those who repent and do better, will stand the ordeal of the great judgment which is now near them, "even at the doors."

POLITE LITERATURE AND ETERNAL LIFE.

If all the Spirits were original thinkers, and accustomed to speak and write in artistic style, we should be among the first to question the genuineness of their claims. It is quite impossible to conceive, without disregarding all known laws of mental growth, that the persons who but yesterday or last year mingled in these earthly scenes, jostling each other in the dusty highways of life, and saluting us in common phrase, could so suddenly be unfolded and exalted in mind to the dignity of the highest capacity. Not so do we read the laws of human development, and those who arrive at such conclusions disregard the experience of their own souls.

In this age of prevailing skepticism, the most important feature in all such communications may not consist in their strict conformity to the rules of literary composition, but in the cardinal fact—if indeed, it be a fact—that they emanate from the Spirit-world. The true philosopher will not find fault with Nature because some of her phenomena occur unexpectedly, and are seemingly irregular and disorderly. In the process of creation, Chaos preceded the reign of Order, while the strife of social and political elements and the noise of revolution go before the spirit of Reform to herald the new and higher institutions of the world. In like manner, from the present confused mingling of apparently lawless elements, may be evolved civil and religious systems, whose moral beauty and spiritual life shall one day realize the prayer and the prophecy of Humanity, in the glory of "a new heaven and a new earth."

If the philosopher who is swallowed up in the profundity of his vast conceptions, who worships only truth,

"And stoops to touch the loftiest thought,"

if such a mind is always reverent and thoughtful in the investigation of all natural phenomena, however unimportant in the vulgar estimation, while superficial souls cavil and sneer at her modes of operation, may we not learn wisdom from such exam-

ples? And if those who are earnest and powerful in thought thus regard nature in the least of her phenomenal exhibitions, how can we expect those who have deep and strong affections to be indifferent to the voices which speak to them from beyond the veil? Surely, no one in the least distinguished for generous impulses and expanded ideas, would pour contempt on the name and memory of one who has cherished him, because another who is unworthy has assumed his name, nor yet because that friend may not be able to address him in ornate and classic language. And should that friend send from a far distant country some pledge of friendship or message of love, he would not quarrel with the messenger about the time and manner of his arrival, nor regard as a *sine qua non* the literary merits of what his friend might say. No; bereaved affection has wept too long over the grave of its buried hopes to be excessively fastidious on this point. The mother who sighs for her lost child, will not stop to question the mere scholarship of any who may come to assure her that the child is safe. The anxious wife, who bends in prayer over the ashes of him who shielded her from the storm, who keeps long vigils from the hour of vespers until the stars grow pale in the beams of the orient, would only ask to be fully assured that the *loved one* is, and that it is well with him. The bare consciousness of his presence would produce, it may be, more intense and exalted happiness than all the wealth of kingdoms, the splendor of intellectual endowments, and the refinement of the highest art.

SHADES OF THE DEPARTED.

Our lectures in Portland, Me., delivered some six weeks since, were illustrated by the exhibition of not less than fifty specimens of Spirit-art, several of which were much admired by the most competent judges. Some of the heads of the ancient philosophers and artists, and the spiritual ideals of the principal divinities in the Grecian and Roman mythologies, were magnified by suitable lenses to *fourteen feet in length*, and brilliantly illuminated by the hydro-oxygen light. Respecting the merits of these unique specimens, the Portland *Transcript* and *Eclectic*, whose editors are gentlemen of education and taste, bears the following decisive testimony:

A MIGHTY SHADE.—The Spirits, of late, seem to be turning their talents to good advantage. Spirit-art, in re-producing the past, and the great actors in it, is certainly opening a wide field for our observation and delight. Who would not like to look upon the faces of the great men who have given laws and opinions to all ages—of Moses, Plato, Socrates and the rest? If we are to believe the invisible gentlemen who go rattling about people's houses, we actually saw the portrait of the great Socrates the other evening, at one of the lectures delivered here by Mr. S. B. Brittan. It purported to have been drawn, through the hand of a young lady of New York, by the Spirit of an ancient Greek sculptor, and whether actually a portrait or not was certainly worthy of the old philosopher. The mountainous brow and classic Greek features were worth going far to look upon. Several of the other heads, whether coming from a hand of flesh or Spirit, were admirably drawn.

The writer is about to add to his present collection many other superior specimens of art, all drawn and executed by Spirits from the invisible realms; and in the course of the ensuing autumn will be prepared to illustrate the most interesting question of the age by such an exhibition as the world has not seen. Those who desire our services in this capacity should make known their requests at an early date—if possible, before the first of September.

Large and Small Craft.

The Boston *Traveler* relates a circumstance which recently occurred in the Old South church. The venerable Lyman Beecher, D.D., was occupying the desk, and having placed his manuscript in the Bible, turned to another part of the book to find his text, forgetting in the mean time what disposition he had made of the sermon. Subsequently, the learned doctor's "preparation of the gospel" was missing, and just when it was most wanted. In this dilemma the preacher set out on an exploring expedition around and under the Bible, and extending his researches over the front of the pulpit. The doctor's manifest anxiety was at length relieved by a man in the gallery, who told him where his wisdom might be found.

With the foregoing circumstance in view, the Portland *Pleasure Boat*, under a heavy pressure of sail, attempts to run down the storm-beaten barque of popular orthodoxy, in spite of the captain's seventy-four guns. The *Pleasure Boat* is a real cutter, and on the occasion referred to, J. Hacker, master, paused as usual to make an observation. Here it is:

There is a vast difference between the apostles and modern divines. The former had the truth and power of God in them, like a well of living water, and words flowed from the living fountain; but the priests of our day know nothing of this indwelling fountain of divine life and power. The apostles could speak as the spirit gave them utterance, without study or premeditation, for to them the truth became mouth and matter, tongue and utterance; but the divinity quacks who now occupy their places must spend seven years in merely learning the trade of preaching, and then study six days in seven to prepare their remarks—and miserable, dead, good-for-nothing concerns they are. If the wind blows them away, the divines are powerless.

Progress on Long Island.

Last Saturday we made our second monthly visit to Southold, and on Sunday addressed large audiences in the Academy and the Universalist church. In the afternoon the writer listened to a discourse from Rev. Mr. Wagoner (Universalist), a much esteemed friend, whom we had not seen for seven or eight years. Mr. W. in his discourse presented in striking contrast that cowardly and selfish *prudence* which prompts its possessor to regulate his life by a time-serving policy, and that disinterested consecration of the whole man, which has characterized all true reformers, and especially Jesus of Nazareth. Time and the vicissitudes of human events have left no mournful trace on the form or visage of our friend; he appears as youthful as when we last met, and not only does he yet smile benignantly on the world, but he looked at the writer through such a charitable medium, that he did not once discover the crooked horns with which theological dogmatism has crowned our devoted head.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hayden returned.

The Doctor and Mrs. Hayden, who, in company with Miss Jay, sailed for England some three months since, have recently returned to their old home, and may now be found at No. 5 Hayward Place, Boston. Mrs. H. has heretofore been of great service to the cause of Spiritualism, in her capacity of medium, and we hope she will resume and continue her circles so long as there is a skeptic left in Athens.

The Address by Rev. T. L. Harris, to which we referred in our last issue, will be found on our first page. It is a grand poem.

Stuyvesant Institute.

The morning lecture, by Mr. CLARK, last Sunday, the writer did not attend. In the evening, the hall was crowded in every part, and Mr. Clark delivered an eloquent and otherwise creditable discourse, occupying about thirty-five minutes. After he had concluded his remarks, Miss HAGAR I. JUDAH, who had the meanwhile been sitting on the platform in an entranced state, arose, and under the Spirit-influence, delivered a short but very impressive address, riveting the profoundest attention by her quiet but thrilling elocution. The only fault in her discourse was its brevity, which, however, as had been previously announced, was necessitated by the imperfect state of her health.

Mr. Clark and Miss Judah will occupy the desk at the Stuyvesant Institute, next Sunday evening again.

Original Communications.

MORE SPIRIT POETRY.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

At a meeting of our circle last evening, I was entranced and impressed to repeat the following verses. They claim to be dictated by the spirit of Edgar A. Poe, and are descriptive of his departure from the earth-sphere. The verses were taken down by one of the circle as they were spoken. Those who deny that these verses were composed by the arisen spirit of Edgar A. Poe, will at least be forced to admit the existence of an active living poetic inspiration.

Yours for truth and true religion, R. H. BROWN.
DETROIT, July 2, 1855.

Shut out from the beautiful realms of the day,
In a region both gloomy and dire,
And right in the jaws of the terrible way
That leads to the kingdom of fire.

Down in the depths of the underworld world,
Shut out from the light of the day,
With a mountain of darkness high over me hurled,
My spirit despairingly lay.

Darkly I wandered, forlorn and forsaken,
O'er dismal and night-shaded plains,
My soul with a tempest of passion was shaken,
And shrouded in torment like Cain's.

And then came an angel appeared in light,
With love in her luminous eyes;
And Hope, like a star, arose on my sight,
As she pointed the way to the skies.

A chorus of music came down from above,
As I earnestly gazed on the sky,
And I heard a sweet whisper, in accents of love
Entreatingly calling on high.

Then out of the darkness and torture and night—
The cloud of terrestrial woes—
Up into the beautiful kingdom of light,
Released by an angel, I rose.

And there with my lost loving-hearted,
The angel whose name is Lenore,
I dwell, and we never shall be parted,
The angel and I, forevermore!

EDGAR A. POE.

SPIRIT-MANIFESTATIONS IN ROSS COUNTY, O.

A NEW SPIRIT-ROOM.

COHAIX, ROSS CO., O., June 27, 1855.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Some time in the month of February last, while Mr. John Q. Adams was returning home from the village of Hallsville, a voice from the invisible world whispered in his ear, "You must prepare a Spirit-room like unto that of J. Koons'." The words of the strange voice interested him. He consulted the Spirits through the medium of the rappings and tipplings, and his faith in the words was strengthened by the corroborating testimony thus obtained. He was directed to procure a stand and hold circles regularly.

On the third night after the stand was procured, and a circle of three persons organized, he was directed by the Spirits, through the tips, to place a pencil and sheet of paper thereon, and they would write with their own hands what they desired him to do. He obeyed the direction, and in about two weeks after this, writing, in rude and uncouth letters, concerning the contemplated room, was performed by the Spirits.

About this time, or a little before, Mrs. Adams was controlled by the Spirits, and nine different languages were spoken through her in the presence of Mr. A., and he was told by a Spirit calling himself *Third King*, that all these communications should be translated into English for him if he would prepare the room required.

Mr. A. was next directed to procure a tin trumpet fourteen inches in length. He immediately did so, and words were spoken through it, though in an inarticulate manner. The words "Good evening" and "Good night" could alone be distinguished.

Mr. Adams conjectured that his own mind might have something to do in the premises, as he was fresh from J. Koons' room at the time he heard the first whisper to build one of his own. So before proceeding to the labor and expense of constructing and furnishing the room, he requested the directing Spirit, *Third King*, to give him some demonstration, concerning the same, that would remove all doubts from his mind, and inspire it with confidence. This request was soon granted in the following manner: Certain marks and characters were made with a pencil upon one of the joists of the house Mr. A. was then using for a cabinet-maker's shop, and writing was performed by the same invisible agency upon a blank sheet of paper, giving an explanation and the signification of the marks and characters upon the joist. They, as explained by the writing, indicated that a partition should be made across the shop, leaving eleven feet of it for a Spirit-room.

Soon after the required partition was made, in Mr. Adams' absence, and in the presence of his father-in-law, Mr. J. Moss, the stand, by the mere slight imposition of the hand, began to dance over the floor, twirling rapidly around upon one leg, turning topsy-turvy, and ascending thus, legs upwards, to the ceiling, while Mr. Moss only held his finger upon the bottom of the inverted leg, of course pressing the stand down rather than upward.

[The stand has just performed, in my presence, some of the same feats recorded above, confirmatory of the truth of what is here written.]

On Mr. Adams' return home from his absence, strange and incredible as it may appear, the following remarkable experience was most certainly written upon his life's history, for he is a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, and he affirms that he is willing to be qualified before Almighty God that what follows is most indubitably correct: He was within about four miles of home, traveling on foot upon a turnpike, when he came to a "by-path," which he took as it was a nearer way home than the main road. After he had followed this path about three hundred yards (it was then between sundown and dark) he was, by an invisible power, lifted from the ground and carried through the air over the path, homeward, with such astonishing rapidity that he was unable to count the panels of a fence along which he was carried, and which he was impressed to number. He was transported thus nearly a mile. While he was being carried, a hand-saw and a square, which he held in his hands, were beaten together, and a delightful tune rang out. A brilliant light, apparently about four feet in circumference, shone out a short distance before him as he glided through the air.

The day following Mr. Adams' arrival home, he attempted to draw a plate of the "Retaining Battery" which he had been instructed or impressed to make for the room. He only partially succeeded in his attempt, for his drawing was, to say the least, imperfect. Thinking the drawing was useless, he attempted to burn it, but was prevented from doing so by the Spirits. He was directed by another medium to leave the drawing in the Spirit-room. He obeyed the direction, and the Spirit of *Third King*, with his own hand, made the necessary alterations and additions, the want of which prevented it from being a perfect drawing of the projected spiritual machine. This drawing is now before me. It is almost a perfect *fac simile* of Messrs. Koons' and Tippi's machines.

After the drawing was completed, the Spirits instructed Messrs. Moss and Adams, through writing performed with their own hands, to purchase a bass and tenor drum, ten ear and three tea bells, and twenty yards of copper wire for the battery. They were obedient to the instructions. Then Mr. Adams was instructed to construct the battery, which he did. In accordance with directions, the drums and bells were then strung on and connected with the battery by the wire, after the same manner of those at Koons' and Tippi's. This being completed, various other musical instruments were ordered and obtained, such as the accordion, banjo guitar, tambourine, harmonicon, etc. A cross—which mediums are impressed to represent that one which the disciple toiled under as he ascended Calvary's hill, and upon which the sorrowing and godlike Jesus was crucified—is placed erect in the center of the battery, having its different parts penetrated by the ramifying wire, in as many as four different places. Just above, and immediately over, the arms of this cross, connected with the circuitous wire, are four plates, each fashioned in the perfect form of a dove. The two over the left are brass, while the two over the right are copper. At the foot of the cross there are two more of these dove plates. These mild and innocent looking figures sit upon the wire facing each other, in brass and copper pairs. I am inclined to believe that there is some meaning in the construction of this battery, of which its form and shape is a representation, which, if properly understood, would clear away some of the dark mysteries from the horizon of Theology. The happy

use to which the Spirits apply it for the manifestations, is its material while its yet unexplained meaning is its spiritual part. But I am speculating in lieu of being faithful to my narrative. Other bells of a larger size, and with handles, were now purchased, to be left unconnected with the battery, so that the Spirits might handle them and carry them whithersoever they pleased, about the room.

The room is now well prepared and almost thoroughly furnished. And that it is being made good use of by its angel projectors, to accomplish their wise and beneficent designs, I can well testify; though, as yet, I have only been here one night, and have had an opportunity of witnessing only one of their performances.

Last night, in company with a little harmonious band of Spiritualists, I seated myself in the place assigned me in the room by the Spirits, and in the darkness quietly awaited the manifestations. I had not to wait long, ere the drum-sticks were taken up by the invisibles, and a lively and loud tune beaten out upon the drums with them. After a few tunes had been played thus upon the drums, all the various musical instruments belonging to the room were taken up and played upon by the invisible musicians, while the drums continued to give forth their hollow, muffled sounds. O! what a soul-captivating concert of sweet sounds! A hundred fold sweeter was it than its own harmony and music, because of the conscious knowledge it conveyed of its spiritual and heavenly origin. O! it is a great thing thus to be made to realize the blissful presence and beatific existence of the immortal soul in the eternal world beyond "the valley of the shadow of death," by real tangible manifestations, made in sweetest tones of softest music, by angel breaths and angel hands! In such moments the soul feels that it can ask no more of heaven. Its cup of joy is filled to overflowing, and the magic properties of its priceless contents thrill all through the soul with an electrical flash of indescribable pleasure!

The tambourine was carried by the Spirits and placed in the lap of Mr. Adams, and each one of the three bells, unconnected with the battery, was carried tinkling across the room and placed at the feet of as many persons. A female Spirit in a low, musical voice, audible only to Mr. A., said, in substance, that "the Spirit-land now desires to communicate something to Bro. Killgore." Questions were asked concerning its nature, and responses were given by blows upon the drum with the drumstick. It was thus ascertained it was something they desired me to do for them. I asked what it was, and sounds were made upon the drum in imitation of a pencil writing. It was inferred from this that they desired me to write an account of the new Spirit-room, and have it published to the world. It was asked if this inference was correct. "Yes!" was the violent and eager response. "Have it published in the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH?" "Yes." "Write it immediately?" "Yes." I promised them I would do so, and this communication is a fulfillment of that promise. May it be worthy of a place in the wide-spread TELEGRAPH.

There is a certain place in this room dedicated by the Spirits to the "lame and halt" and sick, and a chair is placed there for their especial accommodation. The sick person has only to take his seat in the chair, remain in a passive condition, and the Spirits will, in compliance with their promise, throw down upon, and infuse into his system, their vitalizing and health-imparting influence.

A few days since, while Mr. Moss and his son, and Mr. Adams, were sitting here in the room, the bass string was suddenly snatched off the violin by an unseen agency, and carried away. Yesterday it was found hanging on a block near the door.

I would like to hear the sapient Dr. Dodds, with his back-brain-involuntary theory, explain to the satisfaction of one mind above the plane of hopeless idiosyncrasy, some of the manifestations just recorded. I think it is time this gentleman, if he has not already done so, were beginning to take that "one step backward" which he so un-Whatelyanly spoke of in his Edmonds-and-Dexter-demonstrator, and thereby save his favorite theory from ridicule and contempt.

June 28.

I witnessed another grand exhibition here last night, and will now briefly narrate something of what transpired: The musical performances were better than the night preceding, and the other physical manifestations more convincing and satisfactory. A bell was brought from the table, and thrown with such violence upon my foot that pain was experienced. A violin approached very near me, and remained in the air, just before my face, whilst an invisible performed upon it. The banjo was brought and shoved against my person several times. I reached out my hand; it was laid within it, and I took it within my lap. The tambourine was brought and thrown down at my feet. A bell was carried some twelve or thirteen feet across the room, and thrown in the lap of old Brother Moss.

Verily, the spirits are "turning the world," as well as tables, "upside down." Wishing them a hearty God-speed,
I am yours, &c., JAMES M. KILLGORE.

BORN INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

On Saturday, July 7, 1855, after a brief illness with the scarlet fever, PROSPER MARTIN, son of Martin and Charlotte Ryerson, of Brooklyn, aged three years, seven months, and twenty-one days.

This is the fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson whom physical death has wrested from their external embrace, and conveyed into the more beautiful world. They have the happy assurance, however, that their little ones are, in spirit, still around them, breathing peace, innocence, and love. For several months previous to the decease of the last one, Mrs. Ryerson had occasional and distinct pre-intimations that his residence in the earth-sphere would be short, and she was several times arrested in her efforts to make him some clothing, by an interior voice which told her it was useless, and that he would never wear the garments she was designing to prepare. When in the early part of last week he was taken sick, she immediately declared her strong impression that he would never recover. The day before his decease, she passed into an interior state, and a venerable old man appeared to her, accompanied by the spirits of her three children, and surrounded by a glorious light. She was immediately impressed that the aged man was one of the old prophets. He pointed upward toward a realm of celestial brightness, and said to her in substance, "Can you regret that your child should be transferred from his imperfect earthly condition to a realm of so much beauty and purity?" She replied that she could not regret it, but yet felt that it would be painful to be separated from him; and just at this moment she awoke to her exterior state, and the vision disappeared.

While the funeral services were being performed by Mr. Fishbough on Sunday afternoon, Mr. Wild, a medium, who was present, passed into the interior state, and saw three bright paradisaical children, encircled with wreaths of beautiful flowers, present themselves before the mother, and one of them grasped her hand. With such blessed and consolatory representations, of course Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson are not among those who mourn without hope.

In Watford, on the morning of Friday, the 22d June, at the residence of her brother-in-law, John Proper, Miss ALBERTINE HICKS exchanged her mortal for an immortal home, in the 26th year of her age.

Miss Hicks was endeared to her many friends by her gentle disposition and great kindness of heart. During her long and painful illness, which was borne with uncommon patience and fortitude, she became acquainted with, and ardently embraced, the spiritual philosophy as made known to her, principally through the mediumship of Mr. Proper. Herself a partial medium, she often felt the soothing influence of her Spirit-friends, who seemed to be constantly around, preparing her for the great change so soon to take place; and it was with a joyful heart she received the welcome summons to lay aside her mortal garments for the brighter robes of immortality.

Her remains were attended to their last resting-place by a respectable number of friends of the same faith. A few happy remarks made by Mr. White in the trance state, and the singing of a spiritual hymn or two, constituted the simple yet pleasing services of the occasion. n.

Born into the Spirit-land, on Thursday, the 14th of June, Mrs. PAMELA C. PARSE, wife of Samuel Parse, and daughter of the late Gen. Jonathan Chase, formerly of Cornish, N. H., aged 74 years and 7 months.

Mrs. P. was a woman of great powers of mind, her greatest delight being the acquisition of useful knowledge. She had lived over half a century in Randolph, Vt., and was highly respected by all her acquaintances and friends. She leaves an aged husband and many children and grand-children to mourn her loss. Many of them, however, believe that her spirit still hovers near, and can commune with and watch over them.

"Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And wait my spirit home."

It is a pity that most people overdo either the active or contemplative part of life. To be continually immersed in business, is the way to become forgetful of everything truly noble and liberal. To be wholly engaged in study, is to lose a great part of the usefulness of a social nature. How much better would it be, if people would temper action with contemplation, and use action as a relief to study?

Rome, where he should be raised to the highest honors, and return to that province invested with the proconsular dignity, and there should die. Accordingly every circumstance of this prophecy was actually accomplished. It is said, further, that upon his arrival at Carthage, as he was coming out of the ship, the same figure accosted him on the shore. It is certain, at least, that being seized with a fit of illness, though there were no symptoms in his case that led his attendants to despair, he instantly gave up all hope of recovery; judging, it would seem, of the future part of the prediction by that which had already been fulfilled, and of the misfortune that awaited him, by the success which he had already experienced.

To this story let me add another, as remarkable as the former, but attended with circumstances of greater horror, which I will give you exactly as it was related to me:

There was at Athens a large and spacious house, which lay under the disrepute of being haunted. In the dead of the night, a noise resembling the clanking of iron was frequently heard, which, if you listened more attentively, seemed more like the rattling of chains. At first it seemed at a distance, but approaching nearer by degrees. Immediately after, a specter appeared in the form of an old man, extremely meager and ghostly, with disheveled hair, rattling the chains on his feet and hands. The poor inhabitants, in the mean time, passed their nights in the most dreadful terror imaginable. This, as it broke their rest, ruined their health, and threw them into distempers which, with their horrors of mind, proved in the end fatal to their lives. Even in the day time, though the spirit did not appear, yet the remembrance of it made such a strong impression upon their imagination, that it still seemed before their eyes, and continually alarmed them, though it was no longer present. By this means the house was at last deserted, as being judged by every body to be absolutely uninhabitable, so that it was now entirely abandoned to the ghosts. However, in hopes that some tenant might be found who was ignorant of this great calamity which attended it, a bill was put up, giving notice that it was to be let or sold. It happened that Athenodorus, the philosopher, came to Athens at this time, and reading the bill, inquired the price. The extraordinary cheapness raised his suspicion: nevertheless, when he heard the whole story, he was so far from being discouraged, that he was more strongly inclined to have it, and in short, did actually do so. When it grew toward evening, he ordered a couch to be prepared for him in the lower part of the house, and after calling for a light, together with his pen and tablets, he directed all his people to retire. But that his mind might not, for want of employment, be opened to the vain terrors of imaginary noises and spirits, he applied himself to writing with the utmost attention. The first part of the night was passed with the usual silence, when at length the chains began to rattle; however, he neither lifted up his eyes nor laid down his pen, but diverted his observation by pursuing his studies with greater earnestness. The noise increased and advanced nearer, till it seemed at the door, and at last in the chamber. He looked up, and saw the ghost exactly in the manner it had been described to him; it stood before him, beckoning with the finger. Athenodorus made a sign with his hand that it should wait a little, and threw his eyes again upon his papers, but the ghost still rattling his chains in his ears, he looked up and saw him beckoning as before. Upon this, he immediately arose, and with the light in his hand, followed it. The ghost slowly stalked as if encumbered with his chains, and turning into the area of the house, suddenly vanished. Athenodorus being thus suddenly deserted, made a mark with some grass and leaves, where the Spirit left him. The next day he gave information of this to magistrates, and advised them to order that the spot be dug up. This was accordingly done, and the skeleton of a man in chains was there found, for the body, having laid a considerable time in the ground, was putrid and moldered away from the fetters. The bones being collected together, were buried; and thus, after the ghost was appeased by the proper ceremonies, the house was haunted no more.

This story I believe upon the credit of others. What I am now going to relate, I give you upon my own. I have a freed man, named Marcus, who is by no means illiterate. One night as he and his younger brother were lying together, he fancied he saw somebody upon his bed, who took out a pair of scissors, and cut off the hair from the top of his head. In the morning it appeared the boy's hair was actually cut, and the clippings lay scattered upon the floor. A short time after this, an event of the like nature contributed to give credit to the former story. A young lad in my family was sleeping in his apartments, with the rest of his companions, when two persons clad in white, came in (as he tells the story) through the windows, and cut off his hair as he lay, and as soon as they had finished the operation, returned the same way they entered. The next morning it was found he boy had been served the same way as the other, and with the very same circumstances of the hair spread about the room. Nothing remarkable, indeed, followed these events, unless that I escaped the prosecution, in which, if Domitian (during whose reign this happened) had lived some time longer, I should certainly have been involved. For after the death of that emperor, articles of impeachment against me were in my scrutoir, which had been exhibited by Carus. It may, therefore, be conjectured since it is customary for persons under any public accusation to let their hair grow, this cutting off the hair of my servants was a sign I should escape the imminent danger that threatened me. Let me desire you then to mentally consider this question. The subject merits your examination; as I trust I am not myself, altogether unworthy to participate of your superior knowledge. And though you should, with your usual skepticism, balance between two opinions, yet I hope you will throw the weightier reasons on one side; lest, while I consult you to have my doubts settled, you should dismiss me in the same suspense and uncertainty that occasioned this application. Farewell. (*Pliny's letters*, B. VII., chap. 27.)

LIFE, DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

BY J. S. FRELIGH.

Life is a drama—act the first
Is finish'd here below,
With ever-varying chance and change,
That ceaseless come and go.
Death only comes to change the scene,
And open to our view
The second act, with scenery
Grand, beautiful and new.
While Immortality, the gift
Of Love, shall ever be
Link'd with Progression, in the spheres
Of vast Immensity!

DR. CHANNING.—The devotion of Dr. Channing to absorbing public interests, and to vital questions of religion and society, did not chill the warmth of his private affections, nor unfit him for the tenderest offices of friendship. He presented a rare and beautiful union of general philanthropy and personal attachments. Retaining the friendships of his youth and early manhood, he attracted, in later years, the generous and gifted spirits, whose sympathies were won by his prophetic wisdom and contagious enthusiasm for ideal beauty.

TO JANETTE.

BY MRS. LUCY A. MILLINGTON.

I have been out upon the hills
This pleasant autumn day,
Brushing the thread of gossamer
From shrub and grass away—
And sailing golden maple leaves
Adown the singing brook,
And reading softly all the while;
From nature's open book.

I thought of thee, pale darling, too;
And for thy sake I write
Some lessons that I read therein
From memory, to-night.

First, let me say her printed page—
Like some rare missal old—
Is decked with quaintest characters
In crimson and in gold.

And the light shining over all
Is tinted with the dyes
That wander, like the ghosts of flowers
Along our autumn skies.

"Passing away" on every page
Was written fair and bright:
"Passing away"—earth's loveliest ones
Are fading from our sight.

And yet the loss is only ours;
For they but fade to rise
With brighter bloom and fresher life,
"Nearer warmer sun and skies.

"Passing away"—our pleasant earth
Hides in her bosom warm
What once a spirit glorified—
The suffering human form.

We may not look upon it more,
Or lift death's sable pall;
But well we know that one we trust
Is ruler over all.

"Passing away"—the dying leaves
Fall on a lonely grave—
Made there, since on the winds of spring
They first began to wave.

But the dear sleeper heeds them not;
His earthly burdens fell
Like pilgrim Christian's at the Cross—
And lo! with him 'tis well.

"Passing away"—both mine and thine,
Our loveliest and our best;
We may not mourn—the early called
Are but the early blest.

POPULAR THEOLOGY AND SPIRITUALISM.

Under this caption I find some strictures in the TELEGRAPH of March 10th, on an article of mine published in it in December last, by a correspondent who skulks behind a false signature. It is one of the most puny attempts to be witty and wise that I have ever met with. Although the article has no merit, either in doctrine, logic, or composition, to entitle it to the least notice, yet for the good of whom it may concern I will pass it in review.

"Calvin's" first exception to the article is its abrogating the practice of taking things on trust. He thinks there are individuals whose *ipse dixit* should be law, and mathematical proof of a truth; while I contend that taking things on trust, from any person, has no foundation in reason or revelation, and should be discarded as subversive of society, science and philosophy. It keeps the people in ignorance, encourages superstition, and is the principal cause of tyranny and oppression both in church and state. Enlighten a people and no chains can bind them, no walls confine them, and no force can conquer them. We have thought and acted by proxy of popes, priests, and designing politicians, already too long. It is time that we break loose from blind submission to the world-rule. The only hope of the world's deliverance from sin, ignorance, superstition, bigotry and tyranny, is to teach the people to think and act for themselves. Truth is truth, and hence it requires no vouchers, since a world of unbelief can not make it false. A thing is true because it is true, not because it is spoken by an apostle of God, or uttered by the "father of lies." The fact that none are too wise or too good to err, is clear proof that we are not safe to receive anything without evidence. God has no right to demand our faith in anything without proof, or to impose a duty on man without showing him that it is not only just, but for his interest and greatest good to practice it.

And in no instance has he done it. No truly wise man will impose upon the credulity of his fellow man as to ask him to receive a doctrine or truth merely on his word. A man who never thinks for himself, but acts by others' will and worships by another's conscience and creed, is not to be trusted or respected. None are so wise as to know all things, and none so humble that they do not possess some truths. Indeed, some of the most practical truths, which have proved the greatest blessing to the world, have been brought to light by men of no pretension to wisdom, who had no reputation for correct reasoning or consistent living."

"Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

Are we not told in the good book that God chooseth the foolish things of this world to confound the wise? We should look to the proof of a truth rather than to its birth-place and parentage, and decide all matters by nature's laws and evidence; for many truths have had a monger for a birth-place, and a carpenter for a father. Men nor place can make truth honorable, but truth can make them honorable. Reputation should have little or no influence in deciding a man's truth and philosophy, or the right or wrong of his acts. We should take men and things for what they are, not for what they seem or have a reputation. We should search for truth ourselves as for a hidden treasure, and not trust others to do it for us, as ministers are hired to pray and preach for people who can not find time themselves, or have no inclination for such things. Although Christ "had a reputation for correct reasoning and consistent living," yet he never enforced any truth on his word, but always gave the proof, as in the case of Thomas. So in regard to his Messiahship, he cited his followers to his works, not words, as evidence of his authority.

In short, there is no evidence, save in the false notion of society, that it is just or right to take anything on trust. Neither should we reject men or principles on public opinion, but decide all matters by merit. What truly learned man is not continually abandoning what he once supposed to be truth and taught as such, and embracing doctrines and principles which he once considered chimerical?—which will ever be the case until change, progression and perfection cease to be eternal laws of nature.

"Calvin" is next startled with the idea that "the christian world considers the Bible the fountain of all truth." He wonders where I can have passed my days to have imbibed such an idea respecting the doctrines held by Christians. In answer to his inquiry as to where I have spent my days I would say, that I have spent fifteen years in the study and investigation of theological lore; and if there are any ropes in the theological ship with which I am not acquainted, from "the fall," up through "original sin," "total depravity," "the atonement," "the trinity," "the unity," "predestination," "free-agency," "endless misery," to the "final holiness and happiness of all men," I should like to have "Calvin" name them. Now to the idea that the Christian world considers the Bible the fountain and guide to all truth, which he deifies. If "Calvin" will tell us what "evangelical" Christian sect there is that does not pray Bible, preach Bible, sing Bible, talk Bible, and write Bible; that does not quote Bible to prove or disprove every thing with which they have to do; or what essays they write, or moral truth infuse, of which the Bible is not the Alpha and Omega, then my eyes may be opened and I find myself in an error. We are told in the article under review, that "evangelical Christians do not believe the Bible teaches scientific truths at all." I had supposed that all truths were scientific. But, if the Bible does not teach scientific truths, of course it is not a scientific book, and hence would not have had a scientific author. Yet "Calvin" tells us that "it contains many things above man's reason and finite comprehension," that "it is reasonable that there should be such things in a divine revelation." I am almost tempted to ask, is the writer honest when he uses such language? What! the Bible, which is a revelation from God to man, for his especial benefit, "contains many things above man's finite comprehension—above his reason?" Of what possible benefit then can it be to man, more than the problems of Euclid to the child? But, to cap the climax, he tells us that "it is the exclusive work of reason to determine whether the Bible is of divine authority or not." How can reason decide in regard to any matter

which it does not understand and can not comprehend? But he does not stop here. After going into a labored argument (?) to prove reason worthless, and venting his spite at it, he assures us that "it is the exclusive work of reason to interpret the Bible." If this is not sublime and logical, there is nothing in the article that is! "Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel," especially when found in theology where thou art seldom seen! Is it not difficult to keep one's gravity in remarking upon such sublime nonsense and monster absurdities! One of the most fatal errors of Christianity is its ignoring science and philosophy. If it is not founded in these, it is underserving the confidence and support of the people of the nineteenth century, and the sooner its requiem is chanted the better.

The fact is, we want, and must have, a religion adapted to the age—to free-thinking, inquiring, investigating minds—which shall honor man and glorify God. We are yet to learn that Christianity consists in *knowing and practicing* God's eternal truths, and not in splendid temples and costly domes, which echo with the rites and ceremonies of cringing sycophants and ignorant sincerity. We now come to divine truths, on which he lays great stress. What does he mean by divine truth? Is not one truth just as divine as another? Does he mean that a truth or fact is any more divine because recorded in the Bible? If so, then I suppose the following nonsense is more sacred for being found in the Bible than if recorded elsewhere. We read in the Bible that God is *angry* with the wicked every day; and that anger rests only in the bosoms of *fools*; that God is unchangeable, the same yesterday, to-day and forever; that God hardened Pharaoh's heart that he would not let his people go, and then punished him for not doing what he prevented him from doing; that although God *ordained*, from the foundation of the world, that Christ should be slain by men, in which they were doing his will as much as the angels in heaven, yet they were condemned and punished for it. When we add to these doctrines of the church in regard to "the fall," "original sin," "total depravity," "infant damnation," "the atonement," "the trinity," "predestination," "free-agency," "endless misery," etc., etc., do we wonder that some are driven mad, some to suicide, and others to infidelity? Reason was given to man to use in religious as well as other matters, and he who sets it aside, as most religionists do, is like a ship at sea without chart or rudder—the victim of every gale of passion and superstition which sweeps the sea of life.

"Calvin" tells us that "in regard to religious truths we should look to God for light." Any more than for all truth? There would be just as much propriety in our relying wholly on God for a *literary* as moral and religious education. He no more encourages slothfulness in the cultivation of the mind than the earth. The penalty for idleness in both cases is, those who do sow shall not reap, but shall beg in harvest and have nothing. It is a law of nature that we must labor for everything desirable. And I very much fear that those Christians will be sadly disappointed who flatter themselves that when they get home to heaven (if they ever do) they shall have nothing to do but recline on sofas of ease, while gentle zephyrs from groves of spices shall fan their brows, and rivers of pleasures and knowledge unceasingly and unbidden flow. For I think it is evident that knowledge and happiness are no more intuitive in another state of being than in this. Hence, whatever intellectual and moral culture we attain to here, will, as generally supposed, be lost in eternity. Man's inability to reform and faithfully discharge the duties of life without some *mercenary* interposition of God, which is taught by the church, and implied in the phrase "Looking to God for religious truths," has shipwrecked more souls than all the gales of passion that ever swept life's sea. Of all the absurd doctrines of the Church, which are many, that of total depravity or man's inability to do what God and duty requires of him, is not the least! What! God made man and imposed duties on him which he is *unable* to perform! Can anything be more inconsistent? If the doctrine be true, then God is an unreasonable and inconsistent being.

But admitting, for the sake of the argument, that "the mind of man is in ruins," and that he is so depraved that his reason can avail him nothing, and that he is wholly dependent on "the Divine Spirit to guide him to a knowledge of spiritual truths—that is religious truth," as "Christians believe," will "Calvin" inform us how it happens that those who thus give themselves up to the "guidance of the Divine Spirit" are guided to and embrace doctrines which are entirely *opposite* in their nature and results? For instance: one is guided to predestination, another to free-agency, one to the unity, another to the trinity, one to endless misery, another to the final holiness and happiness of all men. If he replies, all are not guided by "the Divine Spirit," will he tell us *who is who is not*? He seems to think Christianity is nearly or quite perfect, if not all who profess it. I conclude he does not judge a tree by its fruits. For what barbarities and cruelties have not been perpetrated in the name of religion! Its mild principles of peace and good will to all, and sanctifying nature, have been enforced by the whipping-post, the gallows, the fires of Smithfield, the dungeon, rack and inquisition. Its history is written in letters of blood, while its path is marked out with human gore! In all ages its altars have smoked and dripped with innocent blood, on which hecatombs of human beings have been offered up!

Indeed, there is no system of evil, although proceeding from the "father of lies," which has so clothed the heavens in sackcloth, filled the world with weeping and lamentation, and made each one common tomb, to satiate man's unwholesome passions, as that named Christianity. I would it could be relieved of the gloomy darkness and doubt which envelop it. I would not be understood as ignoring a *rational and philosophical* religion. But with the popular religion of the day I have no sympathy, which a person may enjoy if he only prays, fasts and pays tithes, or supports the church, although he be an extortioner, oppressor of the poor, and devourer of widows' houses and orphans' bread. Such a religion is better adapted to the dark ages than the nineteenth century.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

CURED BY CLAIRVOYANCE.

BOXTON, MORRIS CO., N. J., June 4, 1855.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

Be so kind as to allow these few facts a place in the TELEGRAPH. . . . For these last five years I had such a pain in my back and breast that I could not go to my own shop until I set my foot on something to bring it in closer proximity to my hands. I could not walk except with a wiggling gait. I was often unable to work, and never could sit down on a chair, but by gradually allowing my back to come to a position causing the least pain. Often in the night it would be necessary for me to awake my wife to assist me to turn in bed, and my difficulty kept getting worse until this winter, when dyspepsia set in so that I could not eat even one meal a day. I had tried the water-cure; and a doctor of the old school, a very humane and philanthropic man, also treated me for years, all to no purpose, unless to make my complaint worse. . . . But last winter, by some means or other, I got hold of a part of a paper, called *The Token*, in which Mrs. French advertised to examine gratis those who were too poor to pay. I then wrote to her to take my case in hand, but when my letter arrived she was absent from home. That true friend of his race, however, T. Culbertson, wrote me, stating that the treatment of absentees was so injurious to Mrs. French that she had to give it up, promising at the same time to furnish me with Mrs. French's invaluable Fluids, free of charge, for a trial. After sending him a description of my feelings, thinking this mode of action as much an experiment as the allopathic treatment, I wrote to Mrs. Mettler of Hartford, giving her only my name and residence, with a lock of my hair; and Dr. Mettler sent me a prescription, and described my pains and their locations in so distinct and correct a manner, that although I was before this a full believer in her powers, I was overwhelmed with her surprising disclosures, not only of my own pains but also of a disease with which my wife is afflicted, some of the features of which I was entirely ignorant of until my wife confirmed Mrs. Mettler's account of them, and this, too, without the knowledge that Mrs. Mettler had said anything about her case.

As I was poor, and saw that Mrs. Mettler's prescriptions required some money to purchase the medicines, and finding that Mrs. French's Nerve-Soothing Fluids were adapted exactly to my case, as described by Mrs. Mettler, (which, by the way, was liver and kidney complaint), I wrote to T. Culbertson, and he sent me three bottles, two for external and one for internal use, and on the second application I felt so much better that I could sit down on a chair without pain, and as quickly as ever I could. But after I had used up six bottles more, I grew worse than I had ever been, and broke out in boils all over my back, breast and arms, even fifteen at one time, which distressed me very much, and swept away all hope of a cure. However, I continued the use of the fluids, and now I have not the least symptom of pain in my kidneys, except when I am overworked, as is sometimes the case. If I continue in a stooping position for a length of time, a sense of weariness overpowers me, so that I cannot stand so erect as I could desire; but I am still using the fluids, and have every reason to hope that I shall ultimately be as well as ever I was. The pain in my chest I never feel, only when I wake up in bed, having lain on my back. Dyspepsia has entirely ceased, and altogether I feel so much better that I deem it unfair to withhold a statement of the facts any longer from the public.

I remain, yours for humanity, WILLIAM COATES.

THE PORTRAIT.

TO HAGAR.

'Tis beautiful—the heaving breast,
The jetty lash, the lip half curled—
The face like that of Egypt's queen,
That lost to Anthony a world.
The faultless shoulder, rounded throat—
The raven hairs luxuriant flow
Toward her zone, in curling waves
That half conceal her bosom's snow.

And those who lightly gaze may deem
Beneath a face and form so fair
There must exist a heart too light
To e'er have known the touch of care;
But one may read within those eyes,
And in the blushing of the cheek—
A trace of sorrow, that the lip
Could not so eloquently speak.

That mournful look reveals to me
A sadness all too deep for words—
As if the touch of some rude hand
Had jarred the spirit's inmost chords;
And yet it almost seems a sin
That grief should seek so fair a shrine;
That sighs should fill thy breast, or tears
Begem that silken lash of thine.

Alas! 'tis but the common lot;
The loveliest features soonest fade,
The fairest blossoms earliest fall;
The warmest hearts are first betrayed;
And even so, the purest breasts—
That ne'er have dreamed of shame nor sin—
Are first to feel the secret dart,
And nurse the worm that gnaws within.

PHANTASIA.

TRANSE OF REV. WILLIAM TENNENT.

We are indebted to a correspondent (A. Hsley) for a copy of the following interesting relation, taken from an old "Christian Family Annual," edited by Rev. D. Newell, a Presbyterian clergyman. Though the record of the remarkable trance of Mr. Tennent has been published several times, we presume it will be new to the majority of our readers, by whom it will doubtless be perused with deep interest. We commend the closing remark of the Rev. Orthodox writer to the special attention of such of his more modern confidants as are disposed to deny that "in every age of the world" spiritual manifestations of some kind have occurred "to furnish living testimony to the reality of the invisible world, and of the infinite importance of its eternal concerns."

After a regular course of study in theology, Mr. Tennent, then with his brother Gilbert, at New Brunswick, N. J., was preparing for his examination by the Presbytery, as a candidate for the gospel ministry. His intense application affected his health, so much so that his life was threatened. In this situation his spirits failed him, and he began to entertain doubts of his own happiness. He was conversing one morning in Latin with his brother, on the state of his soul, when he fainted and died away. After the usual time he was laid out, and the neighborhood was invited to attend his funeral on the next day. In the evening his physician, who was warmly attached to him, returned from a ride in the country, and was afflicted beyond measure at the news of his death. He could not be persuaded that it was certain; and, on being told that one of the persons who had assisted in laying out the body thought he had observed a little tremor of the flesh under the arm, although he was cold and stiff, he endeavored to ascertain the fact. He first put his own hand into warm water, to make it as sensible as possible, and then felt under the arm, and at the heart, and affirmed that he felt an unusual warmth, though no one else could. He had the body restored to a warm bed, and insisted that the people who had been invited to the funeral, should be requested not to attend. To this the brother objected as absurd, the eyes being sunk, the lips discolored, and a whole body cold and stiff. However, the doctor finally prevailed, and all probable means were used to discover symptoms of returning life. But the third day arrived, and no hopes of success were entertained but by the doctor, who never left him night nor day. The people were again invited, and assembled to attend the funeral. The doctor still objected, and at last confined his request to one hour, then to half an hour, and finally, to a quarter of an hour; when his brother came in, and insisted with earnestness that the funeral should proceed. At this critical and important moment he, to the great alarm of all present, opened his eyes, gave a dreadful groan, and sunk again into apparent death. This put an end to all thoughts of burying him, and every effort was again employed, in hopes of bringing about a speedy resurrection. In about an hour, his eyes again opened, a heavy groan proceeded from the body, and again all appearance of animation vanished. In another hour, life seemed to return with more power, and a complete revival took place, to the great joy of the family and friends, and to the astonishment and conviction of the very many who had been ridiculing the idea of restoring a life to a dead body.

The writer of his memoirs states that on a favorable occasion, he earnestly pressed Mr. Tennent for a minute account of what his views and apprehensions were while he lay in this extraordinary state of suspended animation. He discovered great reluctance to enter into any explanation of his perceptions and feelings at that time; but being importunately urged to do it, he at length consented, and proceeded with a solemnity not to be described.

"While I was conversing with my brother," said he, "on the state of my soul, and the fears I had entertained for my future welfare, I found myself, in an instant, in another state of existence, under the direction of a superior Being, who ordered me to follow him. I was accordingly wafted along, I know not how, till I beheld at a distance an ineffable glory, the impression of which on my mind it is impossible to communicate to mortal man. I immediately reflected on my happy chance, and thought—'Well, blessed be God! I am safe at last, notwithstanding all my fears. I saw an immeasurable host of happy beings surrounding the inexpressible glory, in acts of adoration and joyous worship; but I did not see any bodily shape or representation in the glorious appearance. I heard things unutterable. I heard their songs and hallelujahs of thanksgiving and praise, with unspeakable rapture. I felt joy unutterable and full of glory.'

"I then applied to my conductor, and requested leave to join the happy throng; on which he tapped me on the shoulder, and said, 'you must return to the earth.' This seemed like a sword through my heart. In an instant I recollected to have seen my brother standing before me disputing with the doctor. The three days during which I had appeared lifeless, seemed to be not more than ten or twenty minutes. The idea of returning to this world of sorrow and trouble, gave me such a shock that I fainted repeatedly." He added: "Such was the effect on my mind of what I had seen and heard, that if it be possible for a human being to live entirely above the world, and the things of it, for some time afterward I was that person. The ravishing sounds of the songs and hallelujahs that I heard, and the very words that were uttered, were not out of my ears, when awake, for at least three years. All the kingdoms of the earth were in my sight as nothing and vanity; and so great were my ideas of heavenly glory that nothing which did not in some measure relate to it, could command my serious attention."

This extraordinary event is abundantly confirmed by the worthy successor of Mr. Tennent in the pastoral charge of his church. He states that after hearing from Mr. Tennent's own mouth a particular narration of this surprising trance, he said to him—"Sir you seem to be one indeed raised from the dead, and may tell us what it is to die, and what you were sensible of while in that state." He replied in the following words—"As to dying—I found my fever increase, and I became weaker and weaker, until all at once, I found myself in heaven, as I thought. I saw no shape as to the Deity, but glory all unutterable!" Here he paused, as though to find words to express his views, and lifting up his hands, proceeded, "I can say as St. Paul did, I heard and I saw things unutterable. I saw a great multitude before this glory apparently in the height of bliss, singing most melodiously. I was transported with my own situation, viewing all my troubles ended, and my rest and glory begun, and I was about to join the great and happy multitude, when one came to me, looked me full in the face, laid his hands upon my shoulder, and said—'You must go back. These words went through me; nothing could have shocked me more. I cried out 'Lord must I go back?' With this shock, I opened my eyes, in this world. When I saw I was in this world I fainted, then came to, and fainted for several times, as one would naturally have done in so weak a situation."

Mr. Tennent further informed me that he had so entirely lost the recollection of his past life, and the benefit of his former studies, that he could neither understand what was spoken to him, nor write, nor read his own name; he had to begin all anew, and did not recollect that he had ever read before, until he again learned his letters, and was able to pronounce the monosyllables, such as *tree* and *rhoe*. But that as his strength returned, which was very slowly, his memory also returned. Yet notwithstanding the extreme feebleness of his situation, his recollection of what he saw and heard while in heaven, as he supposed, and the sense of divine things which he there obtained, continued all the time in their full strength, so that he was continually in something like an ecstasy of mind. "And," said he, "for three years the sense of divine things continued so great, and everything appeared so completely vain, when compared to heaven, that could I have had the world for stooping down for it, I believe I should not have the thought of doing so."

The reader is left to his own reflections on this very extraordinary occurrence. The facts have been stated, and they are unquestionable. The writer will only ask whether it be contrary to the revealed truth, or to reason, to believe, that in every age of the world, instances like that which is here recorded have occurred, to furnish living testimony of the reality of the invisible world, and of the infinite importance of its eternal concerns?

SPIRIT CURES IN LOCKPORT.

LOCKPORT, June 21, 1855.

MR. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir,—Being interested in the cause of Spiritualism, and a believer in the harmonious philosophy, I have thought it would be interesting to your readers to state some cases of spirit-healing which have come under my own personal observation. Some time during last winter (I cannot give the date) I was afflicted with a singular disease. A celebrated physician told me that he had never seen but three cases like it, and that in those cases the disease had caused death within three days. He furthermore told me that there was no medicine that could cure the disease. I was in great distress, as can be imagined when I state that my whole body and limbs were badly swollen, and the blood settled under the skin in spots varying from the size of a dollar to that of a three-cent piece. These spots were very numerous, extending all over my body and limbs; they were of a deep scarlet color at first, and then they gradually assumed a darker appearance, until they were nearly black. At this time my friends were doubtful about my recovery. I was then directed by what I believe to be a Spirit impression to call to my aid the healing powers of Mr. G. C. Eaton, an excellent medium in the place, who devotes his whole time to healing the sick by the laying on of hands. I had perfect confidence that I should get well under his treatment, and my hopes were realized in a very short time; and I have been well since that time.

Miss Mary A. Walters, a young lady who boards at my house, was taken sick some time in the month of March, and she grew worse until April 7th, when she was so much worse that she was not expected to live; and we telegraphed the fact immediately to her brother in Buffalo. At this time she coughed incessantly, throwing up a large quantity of fresh blood in four or five hours, and she had apparently but a few minutes to live. We could not give her medicine, for her stomach would not retain even a drop of water. She also had convulsions, which were very painful to behold. There was but one thing left for us to do, and that was to try Waho (the name of the Spirit that controls Mr. Eaton). I went to Mr. Eaton's rooms, found him there, and took him to my house. He looked very doubtful when he saw Miss Walters. He, however, said nothing, but took hold of her hands, and held them about twenty minutes, when she began to breathe naturally. Her face resumed its natural color, though a little pale yet, and she did not vomit up any more blood. Towards evening he came again. She was then in convulsions, and insensible. He took hold of her hands again; the convulsions ceased instantly; she opened her eyes, and was conscious. The next day she was so much better that she walked, by the aid of my daughter, into another bedroom. The exertion was a little too much for her, but she coughed again, but not so violent as it was before. Mr. Eaton influenced her again, which had the effect to stop the coughing in a few minutes. The next day she was able to sit up. She kept improving, and in a little over a week was well, and continues to be so.

Another case that I witnessed was that of Mr. G. C. Lake, who was very sick with inflammation on the lungs. He had a very bad cough, and raised a great deal of blood; and in a violent fit of coughing he raised something which, after it was dried, resembled a piece of spongy skin. It was an inch and a half long. The doctors who examined it pronounced it a piece of the membrane of the lungs. Mr. Eaton commenced treating his case on the first day of April; and, notwithstanding the predictions of skeptics that he would die, cured him in eleven days, so that he was able to attend election, although it was a damp, wet day; and he has continued to be well up to the present time.

One case more that I can testify to, and I have done. Mr. Franklin Levalley was confined to his bed with the consumption. His feet and limbs were cold as death, from the knees down. He coughed and raised a great deal from the lungs. I recommended Mr. Eaton to him, but he had made up his mind that he should not get well, for all his connection had died with that disease. I urged the matter, and he finally consented. The first operation was on the 27th of April; his feet and limbs were supplied with new vitality, and were not again cold. He was influenced by me every day until the 6th of May, when he began to recover rapidly. He was then influenced about twice a week until the 27th of May, when he was able to attend to his business, which is that of a farmer.

These are facts, and are not exaggerated. For fear I might appear to have enlarged a trifle, I have left out some things that might seem incredible. In all of these cases not a particle of medicine was prescribed. Mr. Eaton does not go through the manipulating process as a great many do. He simply places his hands upon the person in the manner that he may be impressed to do, and allows them to remain in that position about fifteen minutes. Many persons have found relief through his instrumentality, which causes violent opposition from the doctors. But the truth must prevail in spite of its enemies.

Yours, for progression, WILLIAM C. HUSSEY.

THE CAUSE IN PHILADELPHIA.

REV. JOHN CHAMBERS AND REV. MR. RAMSEY.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

I want no better evidence of the upward and onward march of our cause here, than the simple announcement that the clergy are becoming alarmed. These breaches in the time-honored defenses of bigotry and intolerance are the very indices we wish.

Mr. Chambers fired off another of his big charges a few Sundays back. I would recommend the use of a little hard shot to Mr. C.; his blank cartridges can never disperse this wide-spreading rebellion. Yet I always like to hear Mr. C., he is so earnest. Long before he utters a syllable, you can see plainly a something lively and entertaining, up. Take one of the liveliest of your New York orators, administer a goodly dose of asafetida just prior to his introduction, and you will have but a meek specimen of our world-famed temperance orator. What I most admire is his apparent honesty. After thundering forth a perfect storm of astonishment that any should be so mad as to believe in such delusion; after warning all, upon the penalty of hell, to flee it; after passionately praying for all to be awakened from a delusion so vile, Mr. C. turned coolly around, and informed his large and intelligent audience—what do you think? Why, that "Moses and Elias did appear to Christ and the Apostles, but it was their LITERAL BODIES." No flimsy spirits, but their actual bodies, some two thousand years dead, and dissolved into their original elements! Of course this is not absurd. It is ridiculously reasonable.

Sad reflection, that such should be the degrading resort of our boasted Protestant clergy. For say what you may, the world has never beheld even a type of it for intelligence, for honesty, for dignity and prudent humility. Sad reflection, that, through simple jealousy, they should resort to such absurd, obsolete, and unfair weapons, to strike down heaven-born truth, or what, on *incomparable* evidence, claims to be such. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Mr. C. has, however, since renounced this absurd idea, as well as the whole theory of the *corporeal resurrection*. He has, with the simplicity of true sincerity, opened anew his Book of books, and confesses the discovery of new truths upon the great question of immortality. He says: now, "Death is but a dissolution of the spiritual and mortal man. Of dust is the one, and to dust must return; of immortal, undying spirit is the other, and goes to the God who gave it." Thus you see the subsequent judgment, destruction of the world, resurrection, etc., are all swept by the board. This is emphatically a true specimen of Mr. Chambers' general character. He would turn Spiritualist or Hickite to-morrow, if convinced of its truth. He is, however, a man of strong prejudices.

The discourse of Rev. Mr. Ramsey was different. He is the great champion of the prophecies. He is the south pole, while Mr. C. is the north. There is nothing frigid, harsh, passioned, in the oratory of Mr. Ramsey. He is a calm stream, pursuing its own way to its distinct outlet. While in this case one can find enough of the absurd and ridiculous to

excite outright laughter, we can not, even in our mirth, lose our profound respect for the man.

Mr. R. boldly announced his full confidence in the various phenomena, gave a description of the same from the movement of a table to the presentment of apparent actual hands, and the performance of music by the unseen. He told his audience that the attempt to explain all upon the ground of magnetism, odd force, etc., only displayed the ignorance of those undertaking the task. He said it was no trifling matter; already its advocates are numbered by millions; its literature is sufficient to compose libraries. It is supported by many of the most able and worthy men, and its literature is almost superhuman. He read a long and able article from a spiritual paper on the teachings of the Spirits, and then added his opinion; and what think you it was? "*It is all earthly, Christless, and devilish.*"

He gave an able history of his Satanic Majesty from Genesis to Revelation. He said it was not a snake, as we understand it, that the devil used upon the occasion of Eve's temptation, but an animal more of the monkey species. Poor *Jocko*, who would have thought that of him? Alas! how are the mighty fallen. Methinks the snakes should hold a jubilee, according to the fashion of the fast politicians; they should resolve that they have too long moved legless over the earth, and that the curse "*on thy belly shalt thou go*" be at once transferred to monkey-dom.

Mr. R. may find it an easy task to reconcile his conclusion with justice, reason, and conscience. I have no doubt the task was just as easy to Christ-crucifying Judaism, and the priestly opponents of Luther and Melancthon. The man who, with learning in his favor, and the blessings of a mild disposition to mature his thoughts, illy pronounces these things *devilish*, incurs a great responsibility to God and man. The only reason for such a conclusion, is that it does not fully confirm the Bible in all its teachings. Let us reason this matter with Mr. Ramsey. You ask does Spiritualism agree with the teaching of the Bible? You are aware, sir, there are some *six hundred* interpretations of that book. Each of these is represented by a sect, which claims in itself the discovery of God's policy as there laid down. I claim that these antagonisms are built on *fundamental* differences of opinion, as to what the book teaches regarding God's policy to man, etc. You ask that Spiritualism shall be tried by the Bible. Which of the *six hundred* interpretations do you mean, by which every new truth is to be tried? You are a Presbyterian. Are there not hosts of able, honest, profound men among the clergy, who will affirm your creed a vile interpretation of Paul? Are there not vast numbers among your brethren of the churches and of the clergy, with whom you dare not share the table of the Lord? I know of no more consistent Bible men than those of Salt Lake, whose prayers are eternally rising to heaven in your behalf, and who are looking hopefully for the time when all and other "infidels" shall be welcomed back to the true patriarchal church, after the example of Jacob and Abraham. Further, I know of no more prominent disclaimer against the Old Testament than Christ. His sermon on the Mount is infidelity personified. What does he call that book? "*The sayings of them of old time.*" Yea, not only the book, but the most sacred part (to the Jews), that of which Moses is the reputed author. Hear him—"It hath been said by THEM of OLD TIME, thou shalt love thy neighbor and HATE thine enemy; but I say unto you, LOVE your enemies." Will you make Him contradict himself by saying "he did not come to destroy but to fulfill the law? I answer, he did *destroy* the law as far as his influence, denunciation and wisdom could do so. He rehearsed the law, repealed it, and instituted an opposite and better one.

Christ commands you in His parting words to preach *His* gospel, and how are you fulfilling this? Are you not preaching the gospel of Paul? Is not your very church built upon Paul's philosophy, as the Catholic is upon the rock of Peter? Did Christ command this? Paul, as you know, was His enemy for twenty-five years after His crucifixion. With fire and sword he pursued his followers, until, through a *spiritual* manifestation he was converted. So thousands are converted to-day, you say, by the devil. Who shall say that the same did not convert Paul? You are the real infidel. I speak in kindness. You profess to preach his gospel—and it is sufficient—yet are preaching the mixed philosophy of other men, embraced in a series of off-hand epistles. These men you know were converted into saints by the Nicene Council, and you worship these in place of your master. Their promiscuous writings were dubbed revelation by the same Catholic authority, and you receive it as equal to Christ's blessed gospel. This has confused and distracted your ranks.

If, then, you can not agree amongst yourselves as to what the Bible teaches, how, in the name of consistency, can you apply it as a rule by which to try us. Suppose we prove it to agree according to your interpretation, will we not find an uncompromising opponent still in the Baptist and the Methodist, the orthodox Quaker, the Episcopalian, the Catholic, New Jerusalemite, and the Mormon? As we agree with one, it is but to disagree with the rest. And should we become a face of wax, and mould to suit all, still what a *heretocratic* opposition, equal in worth and talent, have we still to confront.

You say we are not Bible men. So says every sect of the other. Rather try the tree by its fruits. This was your master's rule. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone," and call our sun of immortality a *false light*, and of the *Devil*. Are we truthful? are the teachings *good and practical*? will be a better rule.

You speak of the devil as omnipotent in power; as having charge of the elements, even the fire of heaven; as holding in his hand all manner of disease and mischief for man. You believe he so far deceived God as to secure a high position in heaven; that he rebelled against God and made war upon the inhabitants of that sacred place. A fool he must have been, and a more imprudent recreant to all justice you make our God of love, in saying that in punishment for the devil's doings, He threw him into our midst, an omnipotent and eternal revoler, mischief-maker and tormentor. If so God is the real devil, and Satan but his proxy. I own none such. Let me rather fall into the comparative innocent hands of the *agent*, rather than risk the mercy of one who could deliberately plan so fiendish a policy. O, you know not how ye blaspheme the all-wise God, by charging upon him such infamous conduct.

It is the mission of Spiritualism to redeem the character of the Deity; make religion philosophical and reasonable; reaffirm the gospel of love, and free it from the contemptible rubbish which surrounds it; to show religion to be a *principle*, and not a hollow ceremony; to reveal the Spirit's reality

Interesting Miscellany.

ARE THINE FOR EVER.

Here is one of Tennyson's exquisite little lyrics. It is worthy of his pen, and few many, save Tennyson, could have written it:

Sit down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying;
Come—tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing.
How many smiles?—a score?
Then laugh and count no more.
For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of time nor weep
The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with me and dream
Of stony treasure!

We dream: do thou the same,
We love forever;
We laugh, yet few we shame,
The gentle, never;
Stay, then, till sorrow dies—
Then hope and happy days
Are thine forever!

SPIRITUAL FLOWERS.

In every human heart there grows
A sister plant of faded flowers,
Truth is the Lily—Love the rose,
Transplanted from celestial bowers.

'Tis wondrous duty's gentle care
To keep them ever in her sight,
To feed them on the beams of air,
And shield them from the dews of night.

And when they've lived the little sphere
To earthly joys and sorrows given,
Commissioned angels will appear
And bear the exiles back to heaven.

—The Crisis.

A MODEL BOOK PEDDLER.

"Don't you want to buy the 'Life of Christ,' to-day, mister?" said a determined looking Yankee book-peddler, who yesterday entered our sanctum, with a gutta brace traveling bag, and a rather powerful odor of whiskey on his breath.

"No, to-day," was our bland reply. "We're rather too busy to speculate in theological literature at present."

"Better look at the book, anyhow, hadn't ye?"—chuck full of pictures, Samson on the Mount's done up fast rate. "Reg'lar jam up book, that is; writ the hull o' it myself—did, by thunder!"

"No; we've an abundant supply of works on divinity."

"But, stranger, this air's suttin' new."

"We rather guess that the Bible and Josephus contain about the gist of your compilation, don't they?"

"Jo—se—plus! who in thunder's he? No, stranger, you're out there. I tell you there's things in that book that Josephus never heard tell on."

It was no use, however; we declined purchasing, and Yankee at length bowed himself out.

A moment afterwards he re-appeared.

"Stay, mister, most you know Mr. P., next door?"

We intimated that such was the fact.

"Wal, kin you tell me what religion he belongs tew? Some says he's a Methodist, some calls him a Swedenborgian, and another feller says he bankers arter the Mormons. I'd like to know what he really does belong tew?"

"Why do you inquire?" we asked.

"Wall, I don't mind tellin' you. Yeen see I ginerally find out what church a man belongs tew before I try to sell him a book, because then I always let on that I belong to the same church, and that ginerally takes—tho' does. If I know what church a man jines with, I never miss fire selling under them circumstances."

"Well, did you make inquiries concerning our religious tenets?"

"Stranger, I did; and you can bet high on it."

"Not very successful, it would appear, for you haven't sold us a book."

"Wal, no; but if you kin tell me what church Mr. P. belongs tew it'll do just as well."

"You can't sell him a book; it's no use making the effort."

"Stranger, I'll bet you a hat on it."

"Well, Mr. P. is a Swedenborgian; now try him."

About an hour afterward, we entered P.'s store. He was walking up and down using language rather more emphatic than custom requires not apparently addressed to any person in particular.

"What's the matter P.?" we inquired.

"Why, a chap come in to sell the 'Life of Christ'—said he was a cousin of Professor Bush, the Swedenborgian Divine, and a Swedenborgian himself. Said he had sold my brother Dick a copy, and that Dick sent him to me."

"Yes, and Dick was here just now, and says he never saw the man. He's a damned rascal; the book ain't worth a cent."

"When P. went home that night, the first object that met his eye was the 'Life of Christ,' lying on the table.

"My dear," said his lady, "that's a very trashy affair you sent home. I don't like it at all. It's anything but orthodox." (P.'s wife is a strict Baptist.)

"You don't mean to say you've been buying one too?" said P., producing his own copy.

"Why a person called here to-day, saying he was a member of the—th Baptist church, and that you had sent the book as a compliment to me, and so I paid him three dollars for it!"

P. stayed to hear no more; he rushed out, and the last we saw of him was he was inquiring for a tall peddler, with dust-colored hair and striped breeches.

Book-peddlers will do well to avoid Mr. P. in their peripatetics, as he vowed to inculcate the first one that adumbrates his door—N. Y. Courier.

A CLERGYMAN ENGAGED TO ELEVEN LADIES.

He heard yesterday of a series of villainies perpetrated recently by a wolf in sheep's clothing, of a character to bring the reverend impostor, if caught, to the penitentiary. His name is John Howard Wilson, and he has been preaching for some time past in Cheviot. Being endowed with a soft oily tongue, and a sleek appearance, he tried his killing accomplishments indiscriminately among the unmarried belles of that suburban village with such success that he engaged himself to be married to no less than eleven, from some of whom he borrowed money upon the pretense of making the necessary arrangements toward house-keeping.

Of one young lady he obtained \$50, which he laid between the leaves of a Bible in her parlor, to be used the day previous to the wedding; but when, upon hearing of the pranks of the sanctimonious Lothario, she looked in the hiding place, the bank bills were non est.

The manner which led to the discovery of his multifarious engagements was that a couple of the betrothed met by accident in a fashionable good establishment in this city. After mutual recognition, they proceeded to examine various fabrics and make purchases. Singularly enough their tastes assimilated so exactly, that young lady number one remarked to young lady number two that she thought it very strange. Hereupon young lady number two replied that so it was; but, if she (young lady number one) could keep a secret, she would tell her one.

Number one promised (what feminine would not?) that her lips should be eternally sealed, when, blushing like a peony, her companion whispered in her ear that she was going to be married.

Another promise of secrecy and the name of Rev. John Howard Wilson was softly breathed.

"Who?" exclaimed number one, while her earnest gaze betokened her astonishment.

The name was again repeated, and forthwith young lady number one became suddenly dizzy, and but for the application of salt water and cold water, a fainting exhibition in the merer establishment would have ensued. After a while, when sufficiently calm to explain, she informed young lady number two, that she too was under an engagement of marriage to the reverend deceiver, and she was then making purchases of her wedding garments. Another kettle of fish was the consequence of this disclosure, for young lady number two immediately went

through the same motions as her predecessor, and again the pungent mixture and cold water were in requisition. The disconsolate damsel returned without their purchases to the quiet village, where they speedily proclaimed the villany of the rascally pastor, who getting wind that all was discovered, made tracks between two days during the past week.

Since his exist it has been discovered that he some time ago forged a draft on Mr. Elliott, of the Methodist Book Concern, which was honored. No tidings have been heard of him since his absquatulation; but we presume he will turn up under another name, when he can discover a convenient field to reap a harvest by playing upon the credulity of the susceptible females.—Cincinnati Engineer.

JESUITISM AND GREAT INTELLECT.—Look at the Catholics of the United States in comparison with the Protestants. In the whole of America there is not a single man born and bred a Catholic, distinguished for anything but his devotion to the Catholic Church. I want to say, there is not a man in America, born and bred a Catholic, who has any distinction in science, literature, politics, benevolence, philanthropy. I do not know one; I never heard of a great philosopher, naturalist, historian, orator, or poet, amongst them.

The Jesuits have been in existence three hundred years; they have had their pick of the choicest intellect of all Europe—they never take a common man when they know it; they select every pupil to a severe ordeal, intellectual and physical, as well as moral, in order to ascertain whether he has the requisite stuff in him to make a strong Jesuit. They have a scheme of education masterly in its way. But there has not been a single great original man produced in the company of the Jesuits from 1845 to 1854. They absorb talent enough, but they strangle it.

Clipped oaks never grow large. Prune the roots of a tree with a spade, prune the branches close to the bole, and what becomes of the tree? The bole remains thin, and scant, and slender. Can a man be a conventional dwarf, and a natural giant at the same time? Case your little boy's limbs in metal, would they grow? Plant a chestnut in a teacup, do you get a tree? Not a shrub, even. Put a priest or a priest's creed as the only soil for a man to grow in; he grows not. The Great God provided the natural mode of operation—do you suppose He will turn aside and mend or mar the Universe at your or my request? I think God will do no such thing.—THEOPHORE PARKER.

COPIERS OF MORMON WOMEN.—An officer belonging to Col. Stephen's command, now stationed at Salt Lake City, in a letter to the *Providence Journal*, thus speaks of the condition of the Mormon women.

"With a word about their melancholy condition, I will bring a long letter to a close. As a general thing, a woman here, having satisfied what we call the 'lust,' but what the Mormons call the 'holy desires' of some righteous elders, is left to shift for herself; not the least support does she receive from him to whom she has been in many cases forced to prostitute herself. Their condition is infinitely worse than that of the slaves at the South. One of the wives of 'the chief of the twelve Apostles,' washed for a boarding-house here to support herself. Two wives of Parley P. Pratt, another apostle, have repeatedly begged for work. Women here have told me that their pretended husbands have not visited them for months and years. One of the apostles asked a family of three girls to marry him, and to get them he would take the old mother. They refused, and he has since maltreated them in every way. We received many requests for assistance to leave from women in every position. Their case is peculiarly hard, separated by hundreds of miles of plain and desert from the outside world, brought here by false inducements, degraded and oppressed, with no hope of success—they are in great, very great numbers, entirely disaffected. They abhor the very thought of polygamy, the very name of Mormonism. This is the simple truth."

WHISKERS.—The editor of the *Lancaster Literary Gazette* says she would as soon needle her nose in a cat's nest of single tow, as allow a man with whiskers to kiss her; to which the *New Orleans Bee* somewhat ungallantly responds: "We don't believe a word of it! The objections which some ladies pretend to have to whiskers all arise from envy. They don't have any. They would if they could, but the fact is, the continual motion of the lower jaw is fatal to the growth. The ladies—God bless them! adopt our fashion as fast as they can. Look at the deprecatory of the dead creatures have committed on our wardrobe the last few years. They have appropriated our shirt bosoms, gold studs and all. They have encircled their soft bewitching necks in our standing collars and cravats—driving us men to flannels and turn-downs. Their innocent little hearts have been palpitating in the inside of our waistcoats, instead of thumping against the outside, as naturally intended. They have thrust their pretty feet and ankles through our unmentionables—unwieldy—unhappily—unhappily—in short, as Micawber would say, breeches. And they are skipping along the streets in our high-heeled boots. Do you hear, gentlemen? We say boots."

THE SEX.—Sir David Brewster makes the following remarks relative to the sex: "So strong has been the belief that the sun cannot be a habitable world, that a scientific gentleman was pronounced by his medical attendant insane, because he had sent a paper to the Royal Society, in which he maintained that the light of the sun proceeded from a dense and universal aura, which may afford ample light to the inhabitants beneath, and yet be at such a distance aloft as not to be among them; that there may be water and dry land, hills and dales, rain and fair weather, and that as the light and the seasons must be eternal, the sun may easily be conceived to be by far the most blissful habitation of the whole system. In less than ten years after this apparently extravagant notion was considered as a proof of insanity, it was maintained by Sir William Herschel as a rational and probable opinion, which might be deducible from his own observations on the structure of the sun."

AMUSING MISCONCEPTION.—Hone, the author of Douglas, one day entertained at lunch the Lady Randolph of his play, the celebrated Mrs. Siddons. She was asked at table what beverage she would take, and replied, "A little porter." Ringing the bell—"Bring a little porter for Mrs. Siddons, said the reverend dramatist to his servant. The servant returned in a few minutes, bringing in from the street the least of the Gaelic porters he could find on the stand. Mrs. Siddons was convulsed with laughter—just as Faulkner of the Durham Circuit was, when, between two acts, running about the stage after he had been slain as Rollo, he roared to the property-man, "Where's the beer?" and a little urchin answered, "Here, sir!" thrusting in his face "a gig of ale," which he had been instructed to take behind the scenes for the Green Dragon.

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